

A crabbing man went a-courting'
And he sails in the hot sun, M-hm, M-hm.
A crabbing man went a-courting'
with crab cakes and cherry wine, M-hm, M-hm.

He sailed up to holy rollers door, M-hm, M-hm,
He sailed up to holy rollers door ,M-hm, M-hm.

He took the holy roller upon his knee, M-hm, M-hm,
Said he" holy roller, will you marry me?" M-hm, M-hm.

"Without my preaches consent, M-hm, M-hm,
Without my preaches consent
I cannot marry you the holy roller said" M-hm, M-hm.

Her preacher said M-hm, M-hm
Her preacher said M-hm, M-hm
You cannot marry that crabbing man M-hm, M-hm
He has been married before M-hm, M-hm

and that ended of the crabbing romance, M-hm, M-hm.

Barry Wyatt Jr.
My songs are my prayers
Linking my songs together creates my life story
Help the babies by sharing my songs